



Everybody's Watching

if I had my way,
you'd be up on the counter right now,
your leg over my shoulder,
my heart as hard as a boulder,
and just our bare bodies bathing
in the glow of the kitchen light,
you only mere moments away
from a first class flight
to the highest heaven
with me as your pilot.
I never needed coordinates to
find your sacred rush,
your sheltered relic wasn't hard to find,
it glistened and had a certain blush.
but even if I was blind,
all it would take was a
single taste to find my way.

I wish I could wear that taste,
and envelop myself in all shades of you.
they ask me about myself
and all I can say is 'who?'
because all I can think
about is all the things I want to do
with you on a blanket in that field
by the river in the middle of the spring,
as we feel the petals fall on our skin
and the angels begin to sing.
but alas,
we're here,
clothes on the floor,
the time no longer 7:34,
and everybody's watching,
staring in awe as you take
me down to your soul,
leaving lipstick stains and
breath marks on the window.